

# COBBETT'S WEEKLY POLITICAL REGISTER.

VOL. XVIII. No. 17.] LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1810. [Price 1s.

"Massena affects to be horror-struck at the ravages we have committed (in Portugal) in cutting down the corn, destroying the mills, and making a desert of the country. This part of his letter pleases us most. He knows, that it is not the English that have done, or could have done, this, without the consent of the Portuguese. This part of his letter pleases us, because it shows the disposition and spirit of the people of Portugal; their unconquerable hatred to the French, their unanimous determination to resist him, with all their might and with all their strength. Blighted be the corn (exclaim the gallant and loyal Portuguese) and blasted the grass, wherever the hoof of Frenchman treads! May the earth yield him neither food nor water! And, may his unburied bones bleach the ground he would have reduced beneath his yoke."—COURIER, a London News-paper, 19th Sept. 1810.

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## SUMMARY OF POLITICS.

PORTUGAL.—Look at the motto, English reader; look at the motto! and, when you have so done, and have taken a little time to call to your recollection what I have, week after week, stated to you, in the way of repeating the assertions of these prints, relative to the happy prospect of affairs in Portugal and Spain. When you have taken time for this, and have particularly called to mind, what has been said about the love of the Portuguese for us, and their animosity against the French. When you have taken time for this, you may as well take a look at the following account of THE CONSPIRACY in Lisbon, the capital of Portugal, which, it appears, has lately been detected, and of which as little has been said, as was said about a late conspiracy amongst the journeymen printers, to obtain a rise in their wages; nay, much less has been said about it, especially in the MORNING POST news-paper, which told us, a little while ago, that the People of Portugal had advertised for a plan of a monument, to render eternal the memory of the gratitude of the Portuguese nation towards us for having defended them against their invaders and secured the independence of their country.—The account I am now about to insert is taken from the same public print, whence my motto is taken; and the editor of which seems not to have any sense of shame in giving a statement of facts so directly in the teeth of all his former assertions upon the subject. He introduces his account thus:—"We have inserted some particulars relative to the detestable conspiracy lately discovered at Lisbon. It was confined to the higher orders—the hearts of the people being sound and unanimous against the French. The object of the conspiracy

"was to massacre the British, and to deliver up the capital to the enemy. That the experience of the French yoke, that subjection to French requisitions, French conscriptions, and French pillage, should have produced so little effect, as to leave one man in any rank of life, in any country, desirous of being exposed a second time to such evils, excites in us an equal degree of astonishment and disgust!—May SIGNAL VENGEANCE be inflicted upon the Conspirators! Perhaps the most signal that could be inflicted would be to send them where they might enjoy, in the fullest measure, the blessings of Buonaparte's government."—Such is the preface. Then comes the account in the shape of Letters from Lisbon, dated on the 15th of September, at 6 o'clock in the evening. "A plot of a most sanguinary nature has just been found out. Above 160 most respectable inhabitants have been apprehended, among them the Marquis Abrantes. On the 29th of this month a general massacre of the British was to have taken place. The conspiracy extends throughout the country; at Tomar, Coimbra, and other towns in the interior, depots of arms have been found. In consequence of the number of prisoners confined, I have just learnt from good authority, that the Regency expect a rescue, and which was to have taken place or may take place this night. It was arranged in this manner:—This day the Cathedral, it being the anniversary of the expulsion of the French from Lisbon, turned out a grand procession of Priests, &c. This evening they are to go round again. About 600 of the rebels were to be clothed in British uniforms, and which have this day been found; the Priests were to be fired on, in order to make the populace ima-



"gine that it was by the British soldiers ;  
 "others were to cut off as many of us as  
 "they could find, and others to release the  
 "prisoners confined at a small insulated  
 "fort near Belem. In order to be on our  
 "guard, officers are ordered up to the  
 "castle, where our men are quartered from  
 "their billets in town. The business of  
 "the rescue must either take place to-  
 "night or to-morrow, as those prisoners  
 "are to be embarked for Brazil on Monday.  
 "It is a most vile conspiracy; a Portuguese  
 "lady, married to a French General,  
 "made the happy discovery."—Among  
 the persons taken up at Lisbon, as con-  
 cerned in this Conspiracy, are the fol-  
 lowing :—

"Mr. RATSON, a French merchant and  
 "Member of the Board of Trade.

"VANDELLI, a principal house of trade,  
 "and Member of the same Board.

"SAMFRAYO, a nobleman.

"Judge MARCARENHA.

"CAMBIASO, employed formerly by a  
 "late defaulter who lived in his house.

"DUFRURCO, a Frenchman.

"MORDANT, an English merchant.

"Marchioness D'ALVITO.

"JEROME ESTAVES and son, of the Po-  
 "lice Office.

"Dr. ALMEIDA, a Physician in the first  
 "practice.

"BRENCAMP, a merchant much re-  
 "spected.

"PELLIGRINI, a painter not long since  
 "in London.

"MORELI, ESTAVES, JOSEPH SALDANA,  
 "&c. &c.

"Lord W. has taken up the line of po-  
 "sitions he probably all along intended,  
 "after the fall of Almeida, and hunger  
 "will, I fancy, keep the French from ad-  
 "vancing. Several great and rich, but  
 "suspected men, have been taken up as  
 "partizans to the enemy. It is said they  
 "are to be sent to the Brazils: some mer-  
 "chants figure away in the throng."—

Another Letter says :—"Treachery, I am  
 "happy to say, does not pervade the  
 "lower classes either in or out of Lisbon.  
 "I have lately returned from a northern  
 "tour, and I find that the people every  
 "where are well disposed. Their hatred  
 "of the French and love of the English is  
 "confirmed."—Another Letter says :—

"The British army, not including the  
 "Portuguese, now amounts to about 35,000  
 "men, without the late arrivals. Further  
 "reinforcements are expected in our har-  
 "bour daily, so as to increase it to 40,000,

"and then we need fear little. The  
 "French force directly opposed to ours  
 "does not exceed so far as we can learn  
 "about 50,000."—Another Letter says :—  
 "We are informed that Regnier, with  
 "a considerable force, has crossed the  
 "Tagus, near Alcantara, to proceed to  
 "the southward. His motions are watch-  
 "ed by the brigade under General Hill,  
 "and the Spanish army under Marquis  
 "Romana. The head-quarters have been  
 "removed to Gouvea, but the cavalry  
 "under General Cotton still remains at  
 "Celorico.—The Portuguese army under  
 "Marshal Beresford, has recovered from  
 "the impression made by the fall of Almeida.  
 "They, as well as the British troops, are in  
 "high health and spirits; while the French  
 "are compelled to suffer every depriv-  
 "tion, and in every respect are in a mi-  
 "serable condition."—Another Letter  
 says :—"This city, since Monday, has  
 "put me in mind of the French Revolution.  
 "Domiciliary visits—persons of the first  
 "property, character, &c. to the amount  
 "of 100 to 200, have been taken from their  
 "beds, during the night, and lodged in va-  
 "rious prisons;—no access—no communica-  
 "tion even with child or wife. This day all  
 "are ordered to be put on board ships now  
 "preparing, to be transported, they say, to  
 "Cape de Verd. All is conjecture; for  
 "numbers are persons of age, long wand-  
 "ing, or natives—men of character, pro-  
 "perty, &c.; in short, there is no *canaille*.  
 "No examination of any has taken place;  
 "6,000*l.* money down, has been offered for  
 "one to stay here and stand trial. On my  
 "life, this is fact," &c. &c.—Another  
 says :—"The Plot. The mystery of the  
 "foregoing arrests has been explained to  
 "us through other channels, as follows :—  
 "Lord Wellington had intercepted a  
 "correspondence carrying on between  
 "the enemy and a party in Portugal ini-  
 "mical to the English, in consequence of  
 "which about 200 persons (*principally no-  
 "bility and persons in the higher classes*) had  
 "been arrested in Lisbon, and embarked on  
 "ship-board. It is also understood that a  
 "quantity of concealed arms have been  
 "found. Report states that their plan was,  
 "to cause Lisbon to be set on fire in several  
 "places at once, and in the confusion to  
 "massacre all the English and their  
 "friends, at the same moment that Mas-  
 "sena was to make a general attack on  
 "Lord Wellington's army. Besides those  
 "arrested in Lisbon, there had been a  
 "number taken up in the interior."





Another Letter says:—"The plot included the blowing up of all the powder in the English magazines, and taking possession of the works in the rear of the British army, with the view of placing Lord Wellington between two fires, and depriving him of the means of defence. The explosion of the magazine at Almeida is said to have been a part of this plot."—Now, if all this be true, what are we to think of such persons as the writers of the *MORNING POST* and the *COURIER*, who have, from the commencement of the campaign, so grossly abused the *MORNING CHRONICLE* and every other writer or publication, expressing a doubt as to the disposition of the people of Portugal? The *Morning Chronicle* has been accused of publishing intelligence, sent to it by "traitors," because that intelligence expressed a fear as to the result of the campaign in Portugal; and this appellation of *traitor* was, it will be remembered, given to officers of our own army by the writer of the *Morning Post*. No wonder, then, that officers, or other persons, in Portugal, are shy as to what they write, and that the proprietors of papers here are shy as to what they publish. Men do not, under any circumstances, like to be called *traitors*; and, especially, men who are *abroad*, and under *military law*. Hence it is, that this plot, or conspiracy, has burst upon us, all at once, when the great body of the people in England must have supposed, that the Portuguese were all devotion to our cause, and all animated with unconquerable hatred towards the French. It was no longer ago than about the 8th of August, that the *Morning Post* told its readers of the fashionable world, that "there was no ground for any apprehensions as to the result of the campaign on the frontiers of Portugal; that we ought still to cling fondly" to the hope, that the cause of Spain and Portugal was not desperate; that independently of the natural strength of Portugal, there are various fortified places, which are adequately garrisoned, must be regularly besieged, among which are Elvas, Almeida, Peniche, St. Julien, and Caceras; that besides we have complete military possession of the country; that all its resources are at our disposal; that the people are hearty in their cause, and strenuous in their exertions; that we have again a large fleet, and the whole sea-coast is within our controul; and that under

such, and all these circumstances, it "would be *dastardly* to despair of the fate of Portugal."—After this, were we to expect, that a plot for the massacre of the English army was hatching in Lisbon, and that it would extend all through the country? We are a "*thinking people*," we are told; but, surely, we were not to think of such a thing as this? When these notions relative to the fidelity and love of the Portuguese were spreading about, when these were daily published in London, it would have been almost as much as a man's life was worth to say that he doubted of that fidelity and love. And, yet, out comes a conspiracy upon us, all at once, while these assertions were believed all over the country.—But, there was something still more decisive as to this point in what we were told was the copy of a Letter from General (I beg his pardon, *Marshal*) Beresford to His Excellency Don P. Forjaz, dated Lagiosa, 7th of August, 1810, which, as we were told, settled the point, with regard to the disposition and conduct of the Portuguese, and part of which was given us in these words:—"It gives me much pleasure to inform your Excellency of the EXCELLENT DISPOSITIONS OF ALL CLASSES OF PEOPLE, shewing every where the utmost zeal and loyalty in defence of their country, and the MOST DECIDED DETESTATION OF THE COMMON ENEMY, who justly deserves it, by his unwarrantable conduct, and by the acts of violence and excesses of every description, which he daily commits. In all places, the people rather leave their homes, than submit to the necessity of affording the enemy any kind of assistance, and thus evince a most ardent love of their country."—People of England! "*Thinking people*" of England! Do look at this and think a little about it; if, indeed, you do not think that the *thinking season* is passed. One cannot remark upon this. One can only just put it upon paper again, and leave it to be contrasted with the facts that are come out since, and that are now published by these same prints only because they cannot be disguised any longer; for, if they could, they certainly would not have been published now.—In the Register of the 22nd of last month, page 442, will be found the Lord Viscount Talavera's Order to his Army, relative to Officers writing intelligence from the army, which intelligence got into news-papers, and did



great "*mischief*." The Morning Post, in speaking of this order, made, on the 13th of September, the following observations : — " We are happy to see that Lord Wellington has not left unnoticed the letters of "*Officers of Rank*," or rather of "**RANK TRAITORS** to their country, who have been continually propagating reports and fancies most injurious to the common cause. We have often noticed the evil tendency of these letters, as published in the *Opposition Papers*, and we have now only to remind our Readers that so far back as the middle of July last, these Journals represented on the faith of such letters that the British army was in full retreat from Portugal, and that the inhabitants of Oporto were shipping off themselves and their property with the utmost precipitation. Such are the *desperate arts*, to which faction will have recourse, and in which it is so seriously to be lamented that any real British Officer, of any rank, could so far disgrace himself as to become involved." — After this, it was not to be expected, that we should have much intelligence from the army in Portugal, or, indeed, from any part of Portugal, where, of course, military law is predominant. When officers of our army saw themselves held forth as *traitors* for having conveyed home *bad news* to their friends and correspondents, it was quite natural to expect, that those officers would send no more news home to their friends. Hence it is that this plot has burst upon us all at once ; and, seeing what we have seen, is there a man in his senses, who can believe that we now know the *worst* that has happened ? What officer, or what other man, with a denunciation, like that above-quoted, hanging over his head, will venture to put into a letter his thoughts upon the state of affairs in Portugal, if those thoughts are contrary to what is wished at home ? And how, in such a state of things, is it possible, that we should, through the means of the press, come at the truth ? It is impossible ; and, with respect to *Portugal*, as well as with respect to *Spain* and *Sicily*, we must expect no truth through the means of the press. We shall never hear of the existence of danger, 'till the disaster has actually taken place. There is no power on earth can prevent us from knowing what *events* say : they speak in a voice that will be heard ; and from one, we may guess at another ; from the past we may guess at the future, provided we

keep our guess to ourselves; for, as IAGO says, even slaves are free to *think*, and, surely, then, this freedom will not be denied to the free and thinking people of England?—It has been a rule with me not to make *any assertion*, respecting the war in Portugal, good or bad; and, even to refrain from giving *any opinion* as to any event, or as to the result, of that war. I have merely stated what the ministerial news-papers have said, and have pointed out the *conclusions* to be drawn, supposing the premises to be true.—This is the mode I shall pursue, with regard to the plot, *said* to have been discovered at Lisbon; for, I, by no means, take upon me to assert, that there has been any plot at all discovered. But, if there has been a plot discovered, and, if what I have above extracted from the Courier news-paper be true, there are some remarks, which, though, perhaps, they are too obvious not to have presented themselves to the reader, I cannot refrain from making.—But, we should first hear the MORNING POST of to-day (Thursday 4th Oct. ;) for, without that we shall have but half our matter before us.—One would have expected, that the writer of this print, who had so reproached and abused, who had calumniated, in the grossest manner, all those, who discovered signs of *doubting* as to the disposition of the Portuguese, and who had, in more than one instance, insinuated that LORD GRENVILLE and LORD GREY wished the destruction of the English army in Portugal, because they had given it as their opinion, that the people of Portugal were not disposed to defend their own country against the French; one would have expected, that even this writer would, upon an occasion like this, when he himself was recording the verification of the fears, the opinions and the predictions of those, whom he had so foully calumniated, and at whose predictions he had affected to laugh, as being little better than the dreams of ideots; one would have expected, that even this writer, upon an occasion such as this, would, from an impulse of shame, too strong for human nature, though blunted and hardened by venality, to resist, have acknowledged his error, and begged pardon of those, upon whom he had emptied the depository of his filth. This is what one would have expected, even from a writer like this; but, as if to afford full justification to all that has been said of writers of his description, he has, by his conduct upon this occasion, given us com-



plete proof, that, where *venality* has gotten possession, there is no room for *shame*. Having suppressed, as far as he was able, the intelligence from Lisbon, relating to the conspiracy, he publishes the following observations:—"It is *consolatory* to reflect that the late conspiracy was smothered, and its authors seized, without the slightest difficulty, confusion, or alarm; and their resources are now employed for the defence of their country, instead of being applied to the aid of its invaders. Considerable surprise has been expressed that there should be a French party, or a French interest of any moment, among the Portuguese; and, we have no doubt, that some of the patriotic writers will regard it as a proof that the people, so far from being universally sanguine, are not unanimous in the cause in which we are engaged with them; that, on the contrary, they regard the French as their friends, and are prepared to welcome and support them. In answer to these remarks, we have to observe, first, that it is not surprising that Napoleon should find worshippers, and the French ready instruments for the extension of their domination in other countries, when even here, even in Britain, the boasted land of freedom; and even among the pure patriots, the foremost advocates of liberty, there are found open and professed vindicators of every part of the conduct of "the great man and the great nation." Can Mr. COBBETT be astonished that there are men like him at Lisbon? And if he dares to hold up to Britons the excellencies of Buonaparte's character and government, can he be surprised, that among people so far behind us in freedom, intelligence, and every thing essential to the happiness of a nation, similar preachers should exert themselves with better hopes of success? The known arts of the French, the intrigues of their partizans, and the corrupt and restless spirit they leave in every place where they have once had a footing, will make it easy for persons of general observation to perceive that this remnant of French interest was preserved at Lisbon ever since the Convention of Cintra, escaping notice by its quietness and secrecy, till conceiving the favourable moment for executing its treacherous designs at hand, it began to put itself in motion; and its first acts led directly to its discovery and destruction. We know not whether we should altogether commend

"the moderation, with which the individuals arrested have been disposed of; but it is certainly an indication of the perfect security of the Government, as well as of the loyalty of the people, that such an offence could have been passed over without the necessity of sacrificing a single life, either for the purpose of terrifying the treason of the disloyal, or gratifying the vengeance of the attacked."

—First, as to what is here said of myself, you, reader, have the pages of the Register in your possession; my writings do not need to be extracted into other works, like those of this writer, in order to be preserved. You have the several volumes of the Register before you; and, if you find, in the course of all those volumes, one single instance of praise, either of the character or the government of the Emperor Napoleon; if you find one single instance of my speaking of "the great man" and the great nation;" if you find one single instance of my attributing excellence to Napoleon's character or government; if you find one single instance of my having said any thing, which can, by any means whatever, be twisted into such a meaning, I will be content to be put upon a level with the worst defender and eulogist of despotic sway, even the writer of the Morning Post, who is the instructor of our fashionable world. —I have, indeed, said, that Napoleon was powerful, or, at least, that I feared he was; and I have ventured, sometimes, so far as to say, that I greatly questioned the truth of the accounts of his death, which we have, from time to time, received, through the channel of the Morning Post. I confess, too, that I have refrained from saying certain things against him, and have even presumed to give it as my opinion, that to call him, as our "fashionable World" does, "an infamous intriguer, an arch tyrant, an infamous villain, a base upstart, a subtle, unprincipled, vile, perfidious, base, detestable, infamous miscreant and murderer;" I have presumed to give it as my opinion, that to call the Emperor Napoleon by these names cannot tend to the diminution of his power, either by land or by sea; cannot make Mr. Perceval and Sir Vicary Gibbs any more a match for him than they are now; and, besides, I know, that it is unlawful to make use of these words towards the "sovereign of France" (as he was called upon Mr. Peltier's trial), unless the law has changed since that time. I have



thus refrained too, from being of opinion, that *hard names* do the man on whom they are heaped no harm; but, on the contrary, that if they are heaped upon him, for any length of time, they do him great good, and completely defeat both their object and their author, as has been experienced by several unfortunate speculators in print, who have set up papers with the avowed resolution of demolishing me, who, after choaking their readers with falsehoods too flagrant and filth too foul even for Public Robbers and would-be-public-robbers to swallow, and who, for their sins, shall STILL BE NAMELESS\*. Being of this opinion, and having this example before me, I have refrained from attempting to demolish Napoleon with hard words, and have used my humble endeavours to persuade my countrymen, that, to resist his mighty power, great exertions both of *valour* and of *public-spirit* were necessary, and, above all things, a *reform of abuses*, and a *complete demolition of CORRUPTION*. Then, again, to restrain me from using hard names towards the Emperor Napoleon (even if I could forget the speeches of the *Judge* and the *Attorney General* upon Mr. Peltier's trial) what need I more than the recollection, that he is now married into the family of our long-time "August Ally" the Emperor of Austria, whose son-in-law he now is? When I see that part of our National Debt consists of money lent to the Emperor of Austria; when I see that we, the people of England, are paying interest upon this Debt annually; and, when I consider all that we have been called upon to do for that Emperor, can I think of calling his son-in-law "an infamous villain, a base upstart, "a subtle, unprincipled, vile, perfidious, "base, detestable, infamous miscreant and "murderer?" Can I think of thus becalling the son-in-law of our August Ally, an ally for whose defence we have expended so many many millions?—Having disposed of this miserable attempt at a diversion, let us now examine this article in the regular order, in which it lies before us.—The *consolation*, which this writer draws from the smothering of the conspiracy is of a very curious sort; namely, that the *resources* of the conspirators will now be employed in the *defence of their country*, upon which one need say no more, than this, that, according to this

notion, a conspiracy is a good thing, especially in time of war and with an enemy upon the frontier; and, as, the more formidable the conspiracy the more ample its resources will necessarily be, it would be, of course, a great source of strength to have one half of the country engaged in such conspiracy.—We are next told, and with some *anger*, that "considerable *surprize* has been expressed that there "should be a *French party* amongst the "Portuguese, *ready to welcome the French "as friends.*" And, if what this writer told us before, if what he has been telling the "fashionable world" for months past, and if what he told them that Marshal Beresford had said; if this, or any part of it, if only a ten thousandth part of it was *believed*, was it not natural that people should be *surprized* at hearing of the discovery of a French party in Portugal, consisting of so large a portion of the well-informed part of the people? No: it seems, that we were *not* to be surprized at this. We were not to be surprized at it at all; and this same writer, who told us, over and over again, that the Portuguese were *unanimous* in their hatred of the French, and, who accused of *rank treason* those who doubted of it; this same writer now tells us, that "it is *not surprizing* that "Napoleon should find worshippers," even worshippers, in Portugal.—We have, by this writer and his fellow-labourers, been abused, in every form of words, because we sometimes appeared to fear, that Napoleon was not so *universally* hated as they said he was. They told us, that he was so hated, in Holland and in all the countries, annexed to France, or under her sway, that revolt might be expected. We have been, within this fortnight, told, that he is afraid to move about unguarded, such is the hatred of him in France. Within the same space of time, we have been told, that his Marshals detest him; that they have been conspiring against him; and, though last not least, that Massena himself was about to be recalled upon suspicion. All this has been told us, within this fortnight, by this Morning Post writer, who now is not ashamed to say, in plain terms, that "it is *not surprizing* that Napoleon should find wor-  
"shippers in Portugal."—As to the cause of this, we are told, that the "Portuguese are less *intelligent* than we are; "that it is not surprizing that, amongst "such people, the preachers in favour of "France should meet with success; that the

\* "Better be damned than not be nam'd at all."  
"The name of a villain is a name of power."  
"The name of a villain is a name of power."

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"known arts of the French, and the intrigues of their partizans, and the restless spirit they leave in every place where they have once had a footing, will make it very easy for persons of general observation to perceive, that this remnant of French interest was preserved in Lisbon."—Well, then, if it was so easy to perceive this, why did you not perceive it? And, if you did perceive it, why did you not tell your readers so? At any rate, why did you tell them the exact contrary? And, still worse, why did you abuse, and represent as rank traitors, all those who expressed their fears as to the disposition of the Portuguese? Yes; it was very easy to perceive, that there was a remnant of French interest in Portugal. The fact was not only perceived, but it was stated, and several times stated, in the Morning Chronicle; but, you denied the statement, and, according to your usual practice, for want of fact or argument, you abused the writer, and represented him as wishing for that of the existence of which he expressed his fears. This was your dealing towards him: and, those who abetted you by the countenance they gave your paper, have, in their present disappointment and mortification their just reward.—But, who are the persons, in Portugal, on whom French arts, intrigues, and this French preaching have had so much effect? Who are the persons; what is the description of them, who were so unintelligent as to be seduced by the French partizans, and led away by the spirit, which the French leave behind them, in every place, where they have once had a footing? Who are they? Not the "mob;" not the "rabble;" not the "swinish multitude." No: but "people of property; PERSONS OF AGE, LONG-STANDING, MEN OF PROPERTY." This is what we are told; and, amongst the persons, who are particularly named, there is an English merchant, two members of the Board of Trade, an eminent physician, an eminent painter, two noblemen, a marchioness, and a judge. These, it seems, are, according to this writer, unintelligent persons, easily led astray by the arts and intrigues of French preachers!—Now, you will please to observe, reader, that I do not say, that the account of the conspiracy, which I have inserted above is true; I do not say, that there has been any conspiracy at all; but, if there has been a conspiracy, and if the above account of it be true, the Portuguese are paying but a very poor compliment to our cause; for it appears from this account, that the French have their friends

amongst the people of property, the eminent men of the learned professions, the gentry and nobility, while our friends are amongst the "swinish multitude," as the same description of persons are, by the Anti-Jacobins, called in this country. So that we appear to be reduced to this dilemma: either to allow that the common people have, at least, as much sense and virtue as the people of property, the great merchants, the learned men, the gentry and nobility; or that the French have on their side a great many of those persons who have most sense and most virtue. Upon which dilemma we will leave the writer of the Morning Post, and his readers of the "fashionable world" suspended, while we digress into an observation or two of a somewhat more general nature.—We have seen, that, in Spain, and in Sweden the country, as far as it could be delivered up, has been delivered up by the nobility and the great and rich. That this has been the case in almost every country of Europe, is a fact pretty well known. I know of no instance, in which the common people have surrendered their country. To what, then, is this to be ascribed? I will not attempt to answer that question; but, I am quite sure, that, if we insist (as we, doubtless, shall), that to surrender a country to Napoleon is an act of folly or of baseness, we must, at the same time acknowledge, that the nobility and the rich, in the countries so surrendered to Napoleon, have been more foolish or more base than the common people; and, when we have made this acknowledgement, I think we shall not again patiently hear the people of England called a "swinish multitude," and represented as unfit to be suffered to open their lips upon any subject connected with public affairs.—I had occasion to observe, in speaking of the state of Holland, in the present volume, page 236, that there was, and long had been, a moral principle at work in favour of the views of Napoleon, "who ought to be considered not so much the leader of an army as the agent of that principle;" and, have we not now another proof of this prevailing principle? We are told, indeed, that the "hearts of the people in Portugal are sound;" but, who, I pray, were to have used the five thousand stand of arms? Who were to have "massacred the British army?" Two hundred of the nobility and great merchants could not have done this, though aided by a judge and a marchioness. Oh, no! The story is false altogether, or there must have been a large body of men



concerned in the plot, or expected to be ready to aid in the execution of it. It is quite impossible, that a mere *band* of conspirators could have provided deposits of arms and ammunition to such an extent as to be able, as we are told, to place Lord Talavera's army *between two fires*.—As to what is said to have been done to the *persons arrested*, it would, perhaps, be improper, with our present information, to say much. At any rate, I shall, agreeably to my usual practice, relative to the Portuguese War, offer no *opinion*. We are told, that they were seized in their beds, and thrown into prison, without being suffered to hold any communication with child or wife; that they were going to be transported instantly; and that, on the part of one particular person, 6,000 pounds had been offered for him to be *permitted to have a trial!*—And, upon this; yea, upon this it is, that the writer in the Morning Post, who instructs our "fashionable world" observes, that he "knows not whether he should altogether commend the *moderation*, with which the prisoners have *been disposed of*." This is the sentiment of an English journalist, who publishes his work in the capital of England, and whose paper bears the title of "the *fashionable world!*" But, he says, that, whatever he may think, in other respects, of the punishment (*transportation without trial*, if what he says in another part of his paper be true;) whatever he may think of the *moderation* of this punishment; and though he may not be able to *commend* such moderation, he is quite sure, that it is "an indication of the *perfect security* of the government, as well as of the *loyalty* of the people." And, thus, I think, the thing is wound up in a most complete manner.—Let us now look, a little, before we close this article, at the situation of our army, and at its prospects.—There slips out, as it were by accident, in the above relation of the conspiracy, the statement, that "the Portuguese army, under Marshal Beresford, recovered from the *impression made by the fall of Almeida*." What, then, there was, it seems, an *impression* made upon these gentlemen by the fall of Almeida! What sort of an impression we are not even now told, and we never before heard of any impression at all. As, however, they are recovered from this impression, it would seem, that the impression was not a very pleasant one; which, to say the truth, is not very wonderful, if, as our news-papers informed us, there were several hundreds of men

blown up in the garrison, and if all these were, as now it appears was the case, Portuguese.—We are told, now, that our army consists of 35,000 British soldiers, and that, when all the reinforcements arrive, there will be 40,000. We have, in our pay, 30,000 Portuguese soldiers, which together make SEVENTY THOUSAND. We are also told, in these last accounts, that MASSENA can bring only 50,000 men to face us in the field; so, that we have, if these statements be true, 15,000 men, at least, more than he, to bring into the field. How it happens that viscount Talavera did, under such circumstances, suffer the French to besiege, and take Almeida, I cannot pretend to say; neither am I able to judge of the noble viscount's reasons for retreating with so decided a superiority of numbers. These are matters, which those who have obliged us by the above statements, will, in time, doubtless, be able to explain very much to the satisfaction of their readers.—He must have been a very inattentive observer, who has failed to remark, that, when any untoward event, like that of the conspiracy in Portugal, takes place, there is seldom, if ever wanting, some piece of extraordinary good news to counterbalance it. It constantly happened thus in the good old anti-jacobin times of PITT. Accordingly, along with the account of the conspiracy in Portugal, there came forth news of a battle in Portugal, in which battle, MASSENA had been completely defeated. This news was brought up from Portsmouth, and said to have been got from on board the American sloop of war, the *Hornet*, which had just come from Havre-de-grace. Whether this news be true, is more than I can pretend to say. Were I to judge from the past, I should conclude that it was false; because, I have always perceived, that such news, did, in the end, prove to have been published for the purpose of withdrawing the public attention from the bad news with which it came out. It is, however, *possible*, that it may prove true; and, if the above account of numbers be correct, there can, I should hope, be but very little doubt, that when a battle does take place, the victory will be on our side, seeing that, according to all the accounts which have been given as to superiority of numbers, we add health, plenty, fidelity, and the highest spirits; while the army of MASSENA has long been in a starving condition, and sickness and desertion have been daily thinning his ranks.



JEFFERY.—The following documents will show, that this poor man is alive; and when the reader has gone through them, I have a remark or two to make upon the subject.

"OFFICE OF HIS BRITANNIC MAJESTY'S CONSUL.—I, Andrew Allen, jun. his Britannic Majesty's Consul for the States of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, do hereby certify, that William Stephenson, Esq. is a Magistrate for the county of Suffolk, in the State of Massachusetts, and that Robert Jeffery made oath before him in my presence.—Given under my hand and seal of office, at Boston, in the State of Massachusetts, this 14th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1810. W. S. SKINNER, Pro Consul.

"BOSTON, SUFFOLK.—United States of America, Commonwealth of Massachusetts. On this 14th day of July, in the year of our Lord 1810, before me Wm. Stephenson, Esq. a Justice of the Peace for the County of Suffolk, by legal authority, appointed and sworn, and dwelling in Boston aforesaid, personally appeared Robert Jeffery, and made oath, that the affidavit herunto annexed contains the truth and nothing but the truth.—In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and affixed my seal of office, the day and year above written.—Wm. Stevenson Just. Peace.

"At Wenham, County of Essex, State of Massachusetts, in the United States of America, the 17th of June, 1810, personally appeared Robert Jeffery, blacksmith, who, being interrogated and examined, declares as follows, viz.: —That he is twenty-one years of age; was born at Polparo, in the county of Cornwall, Great Britain. That in the summer of 1807, he shipped himself at Polparo aforesaid on board the privateer schooner Lord Nelson, of Plymouth.—That the schooner, about eight days afterwards, put into Falmouth, where he was impressed by an officer belonging to and carried on board of his Britannic Majesty's brig Recruit of 18 guns, commanded by ——— Lake, and appointed Armourer's Mate, and soon afterwards sailed in the Recruit, for the West Indies, where she cruised for about three months. The brig's water running short, the crew were allowanced; and this Declarant being very thirsty, and unable to obtain a sufficiency to quench

his thirst, one Saturday evening went to the beer-cask, and drew off about two quarts of beer into a bucket, drank about three fourths of it, and left the remainder in the bucket, one of the crew was present when this took place, and informed Captain Lake of it, who next day asked this Declarant if it was he who tapped the beer, to which he replied in the affirmative, and Capt. Lake ordered the Serjeant of Marines to put him on the black list.—That he continued to do his duty as usual, and nothing else particularly occurred until the Sunday following, Captain Lake called him aft, and said to him (Sombrero Island being then in sight)—'Jeffery, do you see that island; do you know that I am going to land you on it?' To which he replied in the negative. Shortly afterwards, Captain Lake ordered the boat to be lowered down; the Second Lieutenant, a Midshipman, and four men, to land him on Sombrero Island.—That this Declarant wished to take his clothes with him, but Captain Lake denied him them, or any thing else, except what he then had upon him, and when the boat landed him, the rocks cut his feet, upon which the Lieutenant begged one of the men in the boat to spare him a pair of shoes, which he did, and gave him a knife; the Lieutenant and Midshipman each gave him a handkerchief, and left him on the Island of Sombrero aforesaid, the Lieutenant having previously recommended him to keep a look out for vessels passing.—That Sombrero is a desolate island, without any inhabitant thereon, or sustenance of any kind to support life, and he remained on it nine days without any food, save about a dozen limpets that he picked off the rocks; his drink was sometimes salt-water, at other times rain water, which he found in crevices of the rocks after a fall of rain.—That he saw several vessels pass, and attempted to hail them, but without effect, for they were too distant to hear or see him, until the schooner Adams, of Marblehead, John Dennis, Master, came to his assistance, took him off, and landed him at Marblehead in the county of Essex, aforesaid."

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"The above Declaration and Examination taken by and in presence of  
"J. RAMSEY."



Thus, then, thanks to SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, we have got the glad tidings of this poor fellow's safety.—Look at his narrative, reader. English reader, look at the narrative of this English sailor: this sailor of the *Royal Navy of England*! Look at it, and then tell me what your feelings are upon reflecting, that this narrative will be read all over the world! The crime of this poor young man, then only *eighteen years of age*, was the taking of two quarts of beer out of a barrel, at a time when he was stinted as to water! Such was the crime, that doomed him to death the most horrible that imagination can conceive, and from which death he was preserved by the mere accidental assistance of a humane foreigner.—“The rock cut his feet,” he says! His clothes were refused him. This tallies with the evidence, which will be seen in the Register, Vol. XVII, page 400 and onwards. “The rock cut his feet;” and, one of the witnesses said, that, when the boat rowed off, he cried, but said nothing! This, indeed, when it was laid before the Honourable House, was enough to make the hair of the members stand on end.—JEFFERY was an *impressed* man, too. In short, every circumstance tends to heighten the horror which every good man will feel at this deed, committed, observe, not by one of the “rabble;” not by one of the “mob;” not by one of the “swinish multitude;” not by “a jacobin or a leveller;” but by “an Honourable Captain Warwick Lake;” by the son of a Lord, whose family have a large pension, paid by the people. I do not mean to say, that any of the rest of the family have any share in this act; but, what I do wish is, that it should be clearly understood, that the act was not committed by one of those, whom our fashionable writers call *jacobins*.—We are not informed, whether JEFFERY is about to return to England. I hope, however, that he will receive such assurances of *protection and compensation* as shall induce him to come without delay; for, I am of opinion, as, I think, the reader must be, that it is of great importance, that all possible pains should be taken to show, that the act of Lake has the disapprobation of the whole government, King, Lords, and Commons. The thing is now become known to all the world, and it will be, it must be, an object of particular attention in the Navy, not a sailor in which will fail to fix his eyes upon it and to bear it in his mind. Therefore, it is of the utmost importance that the conduct of the govern-

ment, upon this occasion, should be such as to convince every one, that it not only abhors the act committed, but that it is anxious to make the suffering party every amends in its power to make, and that it is resolved to use its utmost endeavours to prevent such tyrannical acts in future. This, in my opinion, is absolutely necessary not only to the character of the government, but to the maritime service.—The inquiries about JEFFERY have been made, in consequence of an Address of the House of Commons to the King, upon motion of SIR FRANCIS BURDETT. A Message will, I suppose, communicate to the House the result of the proceedings consequent upon that Address, and, perhaps, will announce, that measures have been taken for the bringing of JEFFERY to England, and affording him *protection and compensation*. In the course of the proceedings, some occasion will, doubtless, be found, for marking the cruel act with the reprobation of both king and parliament; for, this would have more effect, perhaps, than any other measure.—It will be recollected, that, when SIR FRANCIS BURDETT first mentioned the thing, in the House, he said, having just pointed it out to the attention of the ministers, he should do no more at present, hoping that they would, themselves, take the matter up; but that, if they did not, in the course of a few days, he would. I forget their answer, nor is it of much consequence. They did not bring the matter forward, and SIR FRANCIS narrowly escaped being sent to the Tower himself, before he could do it. By a postponement of the discussion, relative to him, he, luckily, had time to bring on the discussion, and to carry his motion for an Address to the King, in favour of JEFFERY, just *two days before the order was issued by the House for committing him to the Tower*.—SIR FRANCIS BURDETT has suggested many things to the House; but, unless in this one instance, his advice has been rejected. Let us hope, however, that the happy effect of having followed his advice, in this case, will be an inducement for the House to follow it in future.—At any rate, let it be clearly understood, that the discovery of JEFFERY, and the opportunity thereby offered to the government of doing the poor fellow justice, and of convincing the world, and especially the sailors of the fleets, that the government of England will spare no pains to come at truth and to do justice where the well-being of the sailors is concerned; let it be clearly understood, that,

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of all this good, SIR FRANCIS BURDETT, who was lately committed to the Tower, is the author.

ROYAL GERMAN LEGION.—In my Register of the 19th of September, p. 894, I inserted the following paragraph, from the TIMES news-paper of Monday, the 17th of that month.—"On Thursday a Court-martial commenced at Bexhill, for the trial of two privates of the 2nd battalion of the ROYAL GERMAN LEGION, who deserted a few days ago, and took from the beach a large boat for the purpose of going out to the enemy. They were apprehended by a boatman off Dover."—After having made some remarks upon this, without taking upon me to say that it was true, I called upon the TIMES either to contradict it, or to give to the public some further and fuller account of it, and especially of the result of the court-martial, said to be then assembled for the trial of the men. The TIMES has done neither; and, which is well worthy of remark, no other paper has ventured even to mention the matter. Yet, methinks, the matter was of consequence, equal, at least, to the letters of GENERAL SARRAZIN. These troops are here for our defence; they are here for the defence of England; they are here (for Judge Grose told me so) for the purpose of assisting to defend England against a foreign enemy, who has set at nought every thing for the sake of attacking us; and, therefore, it, surely, is of consequence to us to be informed, whether it be really true, that two of these our defenders, did desert, and not only desert, but take a large boat from the beach for the purpose of going out to the enemy; aye, for the purpose of going out to that enemy, against whom they were brought here to defend us. It is, surely, of consequence for us to know, whether this fact be true, and what the Court-martial have done to these two Royal German Legion soldiers, who were brought here for our defence. The "boatman," too, should, I think, be an object of our gratitude; for, if, to save the life of a common citizen, was, amongst the Romans, deemed worthy of a civic crown, what is due to that Englishman, who, single-handed, apprehended two of the foreign defenders of England, who were going out to the enemy?—But, surely, this is all a romance! It never can be true! Yet, if it be not, I am sure, that it is very mischievous to have published it, and I trust, still, that the TIMES will give us either the confirmation, or the re-

tractation, as soon as possible.—Going out to the enemy, is, as I observed, in the article above referred to, something quite new in cases of desertion from our army. That the fact will reach France there can be no doubt; for, we see the TIMES news-paper frequently quoted by the *Moniteur*; and, if the fact remain uncontradicted, I leave the reader to guess at the conclusions that the enemy will draw from it.

"THE BRUNSWICKERS."—In the COURIER of TUESDAY last, the 2nd instant, the following paragraph appeared:—"We are sorry to understand that some disturbances have taken place between our troops and the Duke of Brunswick's corps, in the Isle of Wight, in which some shots were exchanged. We have not heard that any lives were lost." There this matter drops, as far as the COURIER is concerned. "Sorry to understand." That is all. Shots exchanged in a barrack yard and in barrack rooms! And no more than this said about the matter? Yet, not another word has the COURIER said of it from first to last!—The MORNING CHRONICLE of Wednesday, published the following article upon the subject, and I, without vouching for the truth of it, without giving it as mine, without knowing and without saying that there is any truth in it, shall first insert it, and then offer a few of those observations, which occur to me, and which, I think likely to be useful.—"We have received the following interesting Letter from the Isle of Wight:—Newport, Isle of Wight, Oct. 1.—I hasten to inform you of a dreadful commotion among the troops at the Depot, which took place about eight o'clock last evening, which, for some time, caused a considerable alarm, as all were panic struck within the garrison. The BRUNSWICKERS, a part of a FOREIGN CORPS here, had been, during the day of Sunday, guilty of several irregularities, one of the East India recruits being wounded in an affray. But a party being intoxicated, in the evening, entered the canteen, and demolished every thing that came in their way, and did the same in a second room; they then SANG SOME NATIONAL SONGS, and rushed out in a body, and went to their quarters, and brought out THEIR RIFLES, with FOUR ROUNDS OF BALL CARTRIDGE, and fired up and down every division at random. One report mentions 150 balls having been fired—and"



“ther account makes them but 105. One man, I am sorry to say, was KILLED, another was shot so badly in the arm, that it has been AMPUTATED—another THROUGH THE BODY, but whether dead or not, is not known.—We trust an Inquest will be held, and an account given, a satisfactory one we hope, why these men were entrusted with four rounds of ball cartridge each.—The drums at length BEAT TO ARMS, and the garrison was ordered to ground arms, which was at length done, after some little hesitation on the part of the foreigners.—The coach from Cowes to Newport was passing at the time, and the lives of the passengers were endangered. A woman was undressing a child in a serjeant’s quarters, and a ball absolutely passed between the woman and child without injury.”

—Not a word has been said of this in the MORNING POST. Not a single word from first to last. Yet, reader, look at it. Consider the matter well. Think of the consequences. If you are one of “the most thinking people in the world,” think of this.—The story may, for aught I know, be wholly false; I am in my prison, and cannot know what has happened in the Isle of Wight. But, though in a prison, in London, my country, and Hampshire in particular, is far more dear to me than any other spot of earth in the world, and I cannot help feeling anxious for its safety and its honour.—Is it not right, that those, who have the means in their hands, should let us know, whether this account be true or false? What! The Brunswickers, in singing their national songs, rush out with their rifles and four rounds of ball cartridges, and wound and kill people! And, is this to be looked upon, by our public writers, as a matter of too little moment to merit a corner in their papers, while they have room for accounts taken out of the *Hornet*, of battles in Portugal, in which Massena was completely defeated?—In every way, in which this matter can be viewed, it is one of the greatest importance; inferior, in that respect, to nothing but the alledged desertion and attempt to go out to the enemy, above-noticed for the second time.—What does it indicate? What conclusions will the enemy draw from it? What will be its effect upon the feelings of our native army? What will be the feelings arising from it amongst the people at large?—If it be false, wholly or in part, and especially the part relating to the national songs and the shooting and

killing, justice to the Brunswickers demands a retraction, or an explanation; for, in giving an account of their conduct, we should, if possible, be more careful to be correct, than in speaking of the conduct of our own army, a rule which I, for my part, have always strictly observed. The policy of bringing them here; the motive for the introduction of them; the use which they are calculated to be of; these are all matters, with which we have, in this case, nothing to do: these are matters, very proper, perhaps, to be discussed in parliament, or elsewhere; but, they are matters, which should be kept carefully separate from the conduct of the men, against whom, in a case like the present, no attempt should be made to excite, or take advantage of, any thing like national prejudice.—But, on the other hand, if what is stated in the above article, taken from a print, certainly in the first rank of respectability; if what is stated in that article be true, either wholly, or in part, the people of England ought to be fully informed of it; and, if they are not, they will be most shamefully betrayed by the press.—“An Inquest?” The writer says, he “trusts” that an inquest will be held. He trusts! what! has he any doubt of it then?—Yet, it is now Friday, and the Morning Chronicle says not another word about the matter.—What can be the reason of this? There is a post daily from the Isle of Wight to London; and how comes it, that we hear nothing more about the matter? Has there ever been a thing of this sort amongst our own troops, without our seeing the newspapers half full of it? The *Times*, so punctual in giving us French news, and in detailing to us all the affrays in the vicinity of Madrid, says not one word of the affray in the Isle of Wight. The Morning Post, so punctual, so exact, in its accounts of the disaffection in Massena’s army, and of the desertions of the Poles and Swiss and Germans, who go over from the French to the Spaniards and Portuguese, says not one word of the two soldiers of the Royal German Legion, above-mentioned, who are said to have been apprehended by the boatman off Dover.—Strange taste! These writers seem to have a disorder in their eyes precisely the contrary of near-sightedness. They can see what is going on in the neighbourhood of Buonaparte’s palaces; they can penetrate into “the secrets of his cabinet,” and they actually are filling their columns with accounts of what has passed, and is passing, there;

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they are so intimately acquainted with what is going forward in his armies, particularly, that they tell us even of what is said in *whispers* at the tables of the officers; but, they cannot see what is passing at Dover and the Isle of Wight; of which, as far as they are concerned, the people of England are kept wholly ignorant, as completely in the dark as if they lived in Siberia.—Let us hope, however, that Mr. PERRY will not thus treat his readers. He used not to act thus. His paper has long borne the reputation of having something like public justice running through its columns. Let us hope, that we are not, at last, to lump this print along with the Morning Post and the Courier.—What I wish for is, to see the truth made known to the public; the truth, and the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. I am sure, that the making of it known is due to the people of England; and, I repeat, that if it is not made known to them, they will be most shamefully betrayed by the press; by that press, about which such a boasting is made; that press which is called “the *palladium* of free men.”—It is not many days ago, that the Morning Post pointed out to us Napoleon’s decrees relative to the press, and asked us JACOBINS, *how we should like* such a decree to be in force in England. I, for my part (taking the word *Jacobin* to mean a man who neither has nor wishes to have any part of the taxes to eat) answered for myself, that I should not like such a decree at all; but, really, if, no matter from what motive, the people are not to be informed, through the means of the press, of facts like those above stated; if, from whatever cause, such facts are kept out of the public prints; if this be the case generally, or partially, I am of opinion, that, as far as it is the case, a press under laws like the decrees of Napoleon is quite as good, if not better; because in the latter case, there is no talk about “*liberty of the press*,” there is no such pretence; it is notorious that there is no such thing, and, therefore, nobody is deceived by it.—But, come; let us hope, that for shame’s sake, for very shame’s sake, that we shall see, full accounts published of the transactions above-mentioned. Ah! Well may you attempt to hide your heads! But, writhe as long as you please! Writhe, and grind your teeth! Curse ’till you are hoarse! You shall hear of these things; you shall be posted up to the contempt of the whole civilized world, until you publish a fair,

true, and full account of these transactions. The statement of the facts, true or false, did not originate with me. It was amongst yourselves that it had its origin. It is you, who have told the world, and our enemy amongst the rest, of the *desertion from the Royal German Legion*, and of the *national songs and the shootings and killings of the Brunswickers*: it is you, who have told the world of this: upon you I call, either to state fully what has been done to the guilty persons, or, to retract your statements; and call upon you I will, ’till you answer to the call, or till your pretensions to impartiality shall make even Russian printers turn up the nose.

FRENCH ARMAMENTS.—Let us now (for it is high time) take a look at what is passing across the Channel, at the mouth of the Scheldt, and within a few hours sail of England.—I will not say what is doing there; but I will tell my readers what the Morning Post, of the 29th of September, says upon the subject.—“The *Idas* armed cutter arrived at Deal on Thursday from our fleet off Flushing. She brought with her a Prussian Captain and a French Gentleman, whom she picked up at sea on Tuesday in an open boat, in which they had effected their escape. They report, that the fleet in Flushing is now completely equipped and ready for sea, excepting a deficiency of sailors. None of the men of war have more than a hundred seamen, so that, were there nothing else to deter them, it is hardly possible that they can venture to put to sea. The deficiency of the crews is supplied by soldiers, but probably with a view to defence more than any thing else. Great exertions and incessant labours have been bestowed by the enemy to repair the works in the island of Walcheren, which is now in a good state of defence, to repel any new attempt that may be made against it by this country. They are not, however, free from apprehensions for their safety, in case of a serious attack. The fleet under Sir Edward Pellew made its appearance a few days since off the Duerloo Channel—a circumstance which excited no small degree of alarm for the safety of their new fleet, and filled the inhabitants with terror.”—What, “filled the inhabitants with terror!” Were they not, then, glad to see an English fleet? Were they not anxious to be again “under the protecting wings” of England? This must be a slip of the pen.



If I had said this, it would have been produced against me as a proof of my "*admiration*" of the French Emperor.—We will not stop to compare this account of the Island of Walcheren being in a good state of defence, with what was said, last winter, about the difficulty of restoring it to the state, in which we found it; but hasten on to what we are here told about the *fleet* at Flushing, which, in another part, we are told, consists of *thirteen ships* of the line, besides frigates and smaller vessels of war. This fleet, we are told, is now *completely equipped*; and, I believe, that, from the mast-head of the men of war, the *mouth of the Thames* is easily seen!—It is very well worth the while of "the most *thinking* people in the world" to *think* a little of this; and, when the Morning Post is lulling the "fashionable world" with the notion, that this fleet cannot *venture to sea* with only a hundred sailors on board of each ship of the line, it becomes a "thinking people" to consider, what use sailors are put to, and what sort of "*a sea*" it is that this French fleet would have to cross.—The truth is, and it is a truth I should be happy to find myself able to impress deeply upon the minds of my readers, that in an attempt (for, let us hope, that it will never succeed) to invade England from the opposite coast, there can be but little to do in those matters, for which *sailors* are most wanted. In *all ships* a very considerable portion of the hands are not worthy of being called sailors. Perhaps, in few cases, there are more than one-third part of the crew, employed about things which might be done, though not quite so quickly, by *landsmen*. A hundred *sailors* appear to me to be quite sufficient for bringing a first rate ship of war across from the Scheldt to England, if the ship be well filled with *landsmen*, which, as we are told in the above paragraph, is the case with respect to the fleet at Flushing. Indeed, what are the ships wanted for but to contain and bring over *landsmen*? And, yet the wise writer of the Morning Post, imagines that the *soldiers* have been on board of this fleet "for defence more than for *any thing else*." Why, with what does he suppose that Napoleon means to invade England, or attempt to invade it? With what, if not with *soldiers*?—I am afraid, that there is no good reason to suppose, that Napoleon will want for sailors. All the sailors of Holland must

be in existence, somewhere or other; and, we may be assured, that they will not wait for encouragement to come forward into service. It *may* be very *unjust* to take the interest of the Dutch National Debt and give it to seamen, instead of paying it to the creditors. This is a point, that I will not meddle with now; but, I am sure that such an act would greatly *please the seamen*, and would, in a very short time, man a greater fleet than is now ready for sea.—Holland is naturally a maritime country. The people live amongst and upon the waters. They are all sailors from their infancy. Is it possible, that such a people, under a government capable of drawing forth and putting in motion, every particle of means that the country affords, should not speedily attain to maritime greatness? The destruction of the commerce of Holland and the capture of her colonies, to accomplish which we have spent so much of our means, are favourable, in the highest degree, to the views of Napoleon; for, from these causes, many thousands of seamen, of all descriptions, will, for the sake of bread, be induced to enter his service; and, when I heard of the capture of AMBOYNA, my instantaneous observation was, that it was another blow struck for our enemy; though our news-writers in general congratulated the country upon it, and particularly as it would tend to make the Dutch repent of their connection with France. It may; but, that repentance will be unavailing, and we may be sure, that the capture will make them *hate us* more than they did before, and make them, if any such motive was necessary, still more docile in the hands of Napoleon. In short, it appears to me, that exclusive of all other resources, he will easily find seamen in Holland for a fleet of forty or fifty ships of the line.—It does not, however, seem to me reasonable, that any attempt at invasion will be actually made for some time. The *means* are *merely collecting*. The ships are *building*. The line is *drawing round us*. And, until that line is completed, I do not believe, that any serious attempt will be made.—This work of preparation will not, however, in all human probability, be *slow*. There is a talk of *war between France and Russia*. Perhaps this may take place; but I think it much more likely, that Russia will be glad to save herself by giving up so much in the Baltic as shall satisfy Napoleon; that is to say, as shall

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effectually deprive us of all sorts of naval stores from the grand magazine in the North. —The Morning Chronicle, of today, says: —“In proportion to the augmentation of the enemy's strength, *is the indifference with which these hostile preparations appear to be regarded here.*”

—Nothing ever was more true than this; and, as to the effect, produced here, by these truly terrible preparations, it is, as the Morning Chronicle observes, *less and less*, as the strength of the enemy augments. This is as bad a symptom, if not worse, than any we have ever witnessed. We have wondered at the apathy of other countries, subdued by France; but, I much question, if any country ever discovered *more apathy*, than this country now does, with respect either to its domestic or foreign concerns. —The time, however, is not, in all probability, far distant, when it must begin to think, if it ever does; for, though invasion will not, as I believe, be seriously attempted for some time, the *threats of invasion will*. There is now a fleet at the mouth of the Scheldt for that purpose; a purpose that will not place our persons in danger, to be sure; but, which will not fail to be answered as to the *paper-money system*. The paper-money system of France was assailed with *forged assignats*: ours will be assailed with threats of invasion; and, it will, in the course of my next Letter, be shewn, that threats of invasion are the most formidable assailants of that system, which, indeed, all Europe knows long ago, and our enemy better than any body else.

—But, the grand preparations for invasion, for the subjugation of England, will keep steadily on. They will be affected by nothing that I am able to foresee. “Peace!” No: why should peace put a stop to them? On the contrary, my opinion is, that they would be advanced by peace. But, when we talk of peace, do we think about the terms? are we ready to evacuate Spain, Portugal, Sicily, Malta, and all the colonies, taken from the French, Dutch, and Spaniards? That no peace would be made, of which such an evacuation was not a preliminary, is pretty certain; and, I would not engage, that the return of the Danish fleet and of the Spanish frigates, taken before the war, would not be another condition. Are we prepared to yield upon terms like these? No; very well, then, let us not talk of peace. We shall never see another Peace of Amiens; and, indeed, Buonaparté told

us that we should not. —It is sometimes said, that such and such things will happen, *when a peace takes place*, just as if we were in a situation like that in which we were during any of the wars previous to Pitt's Anti-jacobin war; just as if no material change had taken place in Europe; just as if the Bourbons were still ruling in France; just as if the Stadtholder was ruling in Holland; just as if there had been no change in Spain and in Portugal; and just as if guineas were still ready to meet the paper at the Bank of England. The people at Whitehall see the same buildings there that were there twenty years ago; and they appear to think, that all the world has remained equally unchanged.

—It has been once or twice observed, in the Morning Chronicle, that our keeping of armies out of England, as in Portugal, Spain, Sicily, Malta, and elsewhere, is precisely what Napoleon must wish for, because it leaves *England defenceless*. As my opinion is, that England must depend for defence upon the *people of England*, I do not care much about the mere *absence* of the regular army; but, I do care about the *expence*; and, in this way, I do not, for my part, see how we could possibly do any thing more agreeable to Napoleon than to send armies to Spain and Portugal, and above all to *Sicily*. I can conceive, that if Spain and Portugal, or either of them, could be kept out of the hands of Napoleon, we should be safer, especially *with regard to Ireland*; but, I am utterly unable to form to myself any notion of an advantage, of any sort, to be derived to us, from a *defence of Sicily*, or the *preservation of Malta*. The whole of our trade, if it were *all profit*, would not be worth one half of the amount of the expence of keeping up the garrison of Malta. The possession of that place may annoy France and Naples a little; but, as to its forming any diversion in favour of England, the idea really appears to me to be strangely absurd. —The truth is, that we are acting upon the old system, when every thing else in the world is new. The Pitt system is still in full vigour. That “great statesman now no more” has a very worthy and faithful follower in Mr. Perceval, who might be succeeded by Sir Vicary Gibbs (and perhaps will) without any one being able to perceive the smallest difference. We have lost ally after ally, each of whom has, in his turn, become our enemy; and still we go on in just the same way as before. At the out-



set of the Anti-jacobin war, we could raise up myriads against France; we cannot now make a man stir, except at our heels; and still we talk as big as ever, and we go on with armaments and expeditions as pompously as ever. We deplore the fate of Holland and Sweden and Naples and Switzerland and Prussia and Genoa and Piedmont and Austria; but, what is the use of this, when we have not the power to render the smallest assistance to any one of them? What is the use of our deploring the fate of Holland and of giving such a frightful picture of its situation, if we cannot do any thing to better that situation? We talk of the power, which riches and commerce give, and we boast of our riches and commerce. Why, then, do we not shew our power; why do we not give some proof of it; why do we not exert it, in behalf of the dethroned or degraded sovereigns, formerly our allies? This boasting places us in a dilemma too obvious to be pointed out.—What wisdom dictates to us is this: to look at home; to leave the continent to its fate; to leave it to undergo that revolution which we have it not in our power to prevent, or even to retard for any considerable time; to leave the continent to be new-modelled in the way that its new master may choose; to look well into our means of preserving ourselves; to make a fair estimate of those means; to diminish our expenditure; to put our force, naval as well as military, upon a footing that we can permanently bear; to reform all abuses and tear up CORRUPTION by the roots; and, to conciliate, to quiet, to gain over, to fix on our side, the discontented part of the *Irish people*; to destroy the *French Party*, which we are told exists in that unhappy country, but to destroy it, not by force of arms, not by the cord and the sword, but by the force of reason and of kindness. These are, in my opinion, the things which wisdom dictates to us; and, if we listen to her voice, though we must still look with anxiety at the dreadful power of our enemy, we need not look at it with fear; though this war may last till those who are now children shall be men, they may arrive at man's estate and still see their country free.

LUCIEN BUONAPARTÉ.—Far-famed as we are for our cullibility, the world will

hardly expect us to discover an eagerness to embrace one of the family of Buonaparté, merely because he is said to have left Italy to avoid the resentment of his Brother. Yet, if we are to believe the *Courier* news-paper of this evening (Friday) this species of huggery is likely to take place. We are there told, in *positive* terms, that LUCIEN will not only be permitted, but invited, to come to this country; that there will be no coldness, no suspicion, on our part; that he will be most cordially received; that there is no ground whatever for suspecting him of any contrivance with his brother to injure us; that we ought not to believe him to be a cheat; that he has proved himself to be a very good sort of a man; and that we ought to honour him for his conduct! Aye, honour him! Honour a Buonaparté, the whole family of whom this same writer has, a thousand times, represented as a nest of the vilest vermin that ever crawled the earth.—We are told a sort of canting story about LUCIEN having run away rather than be divorced from his wife, a story which, it is very likely, will be believed here, because it is pretty clear that it would be believed in no other country upon earth.—As to the story about his refusal to let his daughter marry our friend, His Most Catholic Majesty, Ferdinand VII, if it be contended that this argues in favour of Lucien's virtue and understanding, it will not, I think, be cited as a compliment to us, who are spending millions with the avowed object of giving a great kingdom to a man, to whom, if this story be true, our new friend Lucien would not consent to give his daughter.—The writer of the *Courier* says, that, for his part, he "views this step of Lucien as very honourable to this country." And, why? Because "to all Europe he denounces his brother (who abuses us) as a liar and calumniator." This is the reason why his coming to our dominions is honourable to us! It is honourable to us to have a man take refuge amongst us, who denounces his brother as a liar and calumniator!—I break off for want of room—

WM. COBBETT.

State Prison, Newgate, Friday,

October 5, 1810.

The XTH LETTER to my Salisbury Friends in the next Number.